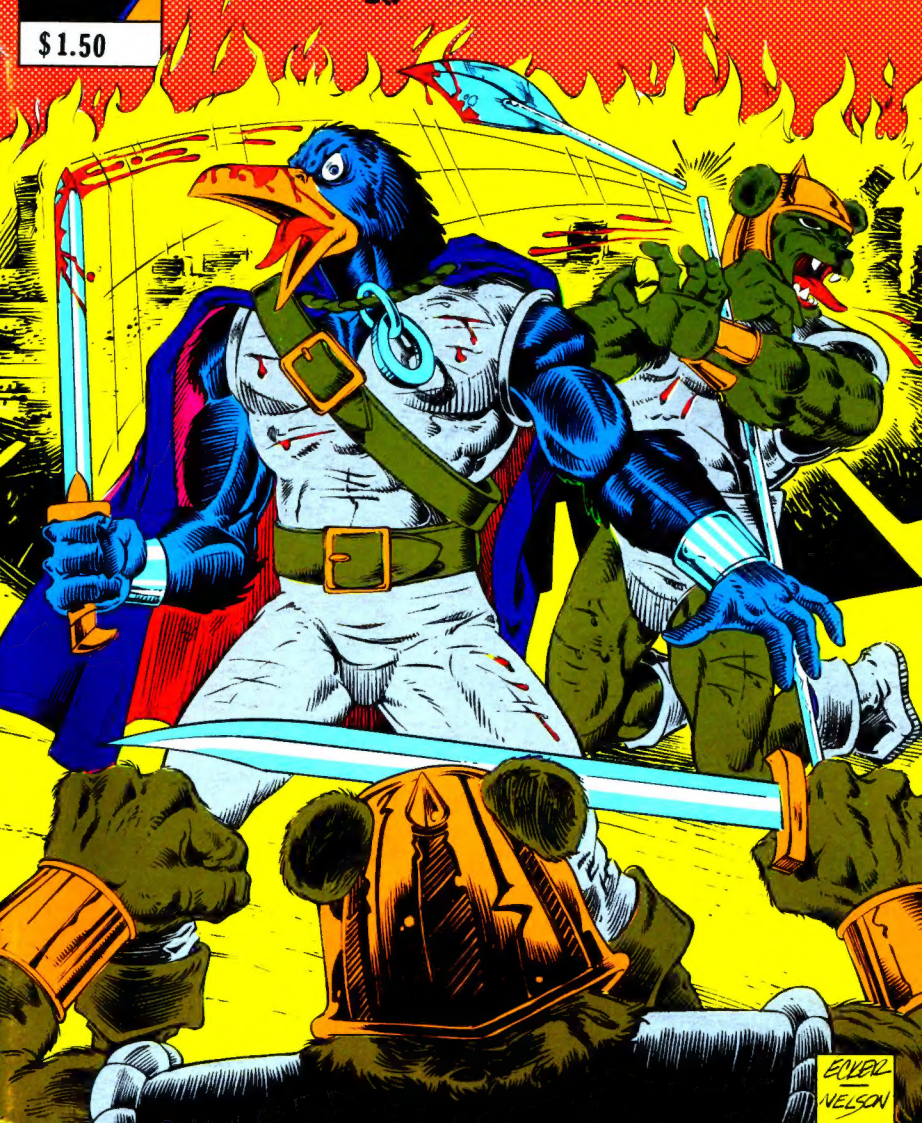


EBNN™

1

\$1.50



Quoth the Raven

%

**CROWQUILL
COMICS**

**1024 TODD FARM DRIVE #103
ELGIN, ILLINOIS 60120**

What you hold in your hand is a piece of a dream. It sounds corny, and it is, but Chris and I have done something that anyone who reads comics hopes, wishes or plans to do someday. We created our own comic book. We created EB'NN. I direct the following to those who might not have as yet realized their particular dream. I wrote this introduction, not to preach, but to share in what I've learned from EB'NN and working with other people.

Comic books, like all forms of popular entertainment, are a collaborative artform. Films, music, books all arrive at realization through the efforts and energies of two or more people; hence a collaboration. It sounds easy, but the sad truth is, many dreams have never seen reality because the people involved couldn't work together. Someone usually feels their veils and artistic visions eclipse all those of everyone else. No one can function productively if they are closed in, unable to express themselves and their opinions. This fact extends itself beyond comic books, into school, job and friendships.

Respect and appreciation are also powerful aids in working and living with other people. The comic book artist has a tough job. The immediate success of a book depends greatly upon his skill. The average reader, determining the worthiness of a new title, flips casually through the pages at the rack and forms an opinion solely upon the lines set forth by the artist. Chris was hesitant at the beginning of the project, insecure, as we all are, that his style would be accepted by the comic buying public. It wasn't easy, but we finally convinced Chris to have as much faith in his work as we do. Now it's my turn to worry, knowing that the quality of the writing

will have to be as good as the art if EB'NN is to survive. Since I'm on the subject of EB'NN maybe I should save the sermon for another issue and write about the book.

EB'NN is the story of a raven and how he has come to deal with the blows life has dealt him. As EB'NN appears now he typifies the classic anti-hero. Willing and able to perform any deed to attain his goals, EB'NN radiates an aura of deadly calm as he seemingly seizes control of any situation. I promise you as the series develops you will see a definite evolution of character on behalf of the black bird. EB'NN is accompanied on his journey by two characters that are interesting on their own right. Jack is the survivor of another generation, highly opinionated and even higher strung. Tiger is a young orphan in search of a home, who becomes a focal point in the development of EB'NN. This trio, backed by an ever changing cast of supporting characters, will supply me with challenging writing and interesting drawing for Chris. Hopefully the reader will have some fun, too.

The world of EB'NN is varied, full of danger and excitement. The first story, "Three Nights", takes place in the decadent city-state of New Eden. Paying tribute to film noir, the three part mini-epic sets EB'NN spinning through double crosses and deceit, set against the grimy, dark-lit streets of a crumbling city. Future tails will take EB'NN and company through a haunted castle, upon the wide-open range of the "wild-lands", and in defense of a remote fishing village from the viking hordes. The possibilities are endless, but the saga of EB'NN isn't. Chris and I have already decided that EB'NN, as a series, will die a natural death, instead of running its popularity (that is if it becomes popular, of course) into the ground.

Chris and I both want to publicly thank Mike Schneider for doing a great job on the inks. His hard work and sense of humor (Look close and you'll see Mike is a big fan, among other characters, of Gumby and the Coneheads) make EB'NN all the better. Thank you, Mark Nelson, for inking our cover. We hope to work together again. Finally, a special thanks (and plug) to Gary Carlson, publisher of MEGATON COMICS. The second issue of his super-hero anthology title should be on the stands now. Gary helped us over many of the obstacles to self-publishing our own comic.

This issue represents only part of one dream. I have many dreams and some of them have come true. I guess I'm lucky. I hope you are too.

— Michael Dimpsey

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EBNN^{TM.}

THE RAVEN

IN:

the THREE NIGHTS

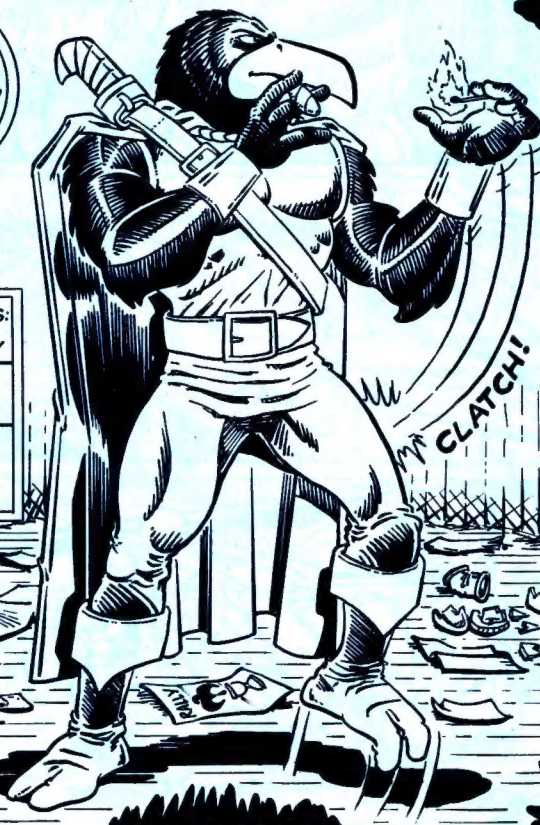
CHAPTER
ONE:

"PARADISE"

CO-CREATORS:
WRITER,
MIKE DIMPSEY

PENCILER,
LETTERER,
CHRIS ECKER

INKER,
FINISHER,
MIKE
SCHNEIDER

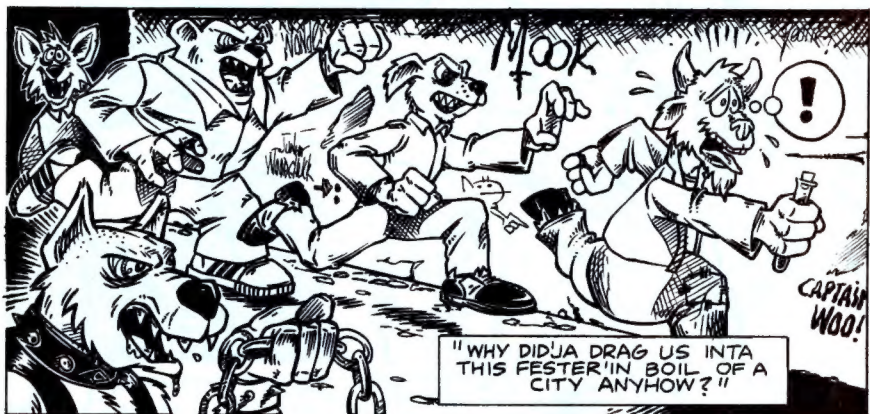




"SLOW DOWN, WILL YA?...!"



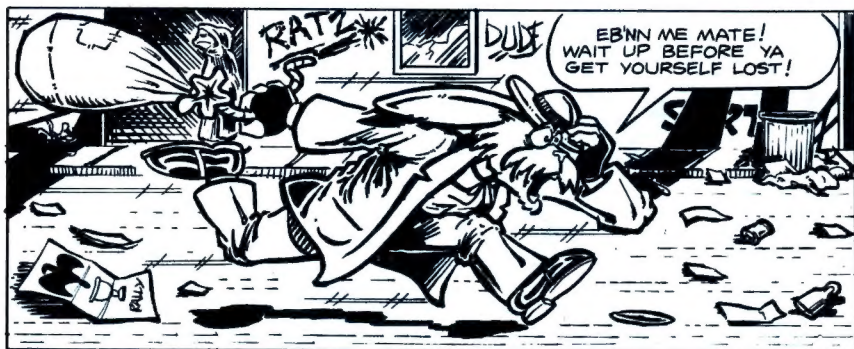
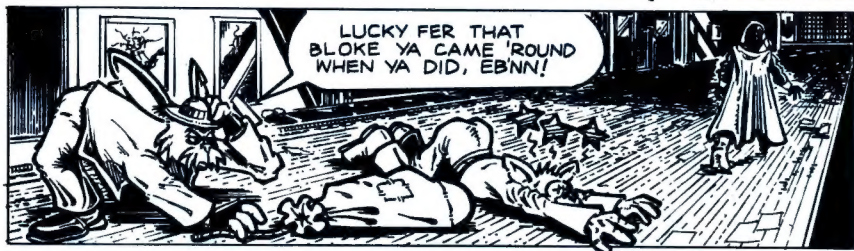
"... ME PAWS IS KILLIN' ME!"



"YA CAN'T DRINK THE WATER...!"









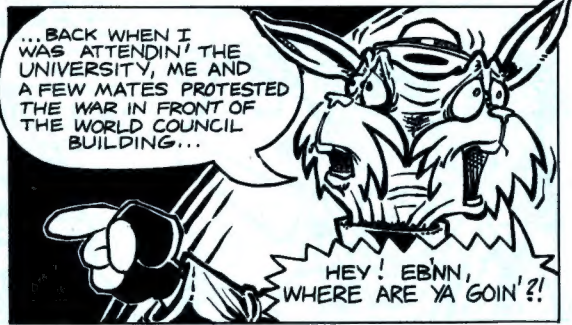
BEFORE THE
ENERGY DROUGHT
THIS WAS THE
FINEST CITY
ON THE EAST
COAST, A REAL
PARADISE -
LOOK AT 'ER
NOW...



NEW EDEN'S SURE SLID DOWN THE TOILET
SINCE THE REPUBLIC ABANDONED ALL
'ER TERRITORY EAST OF THE
CONTINENTAL DIVIDE.

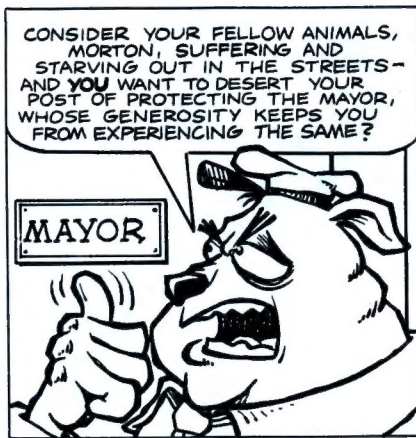
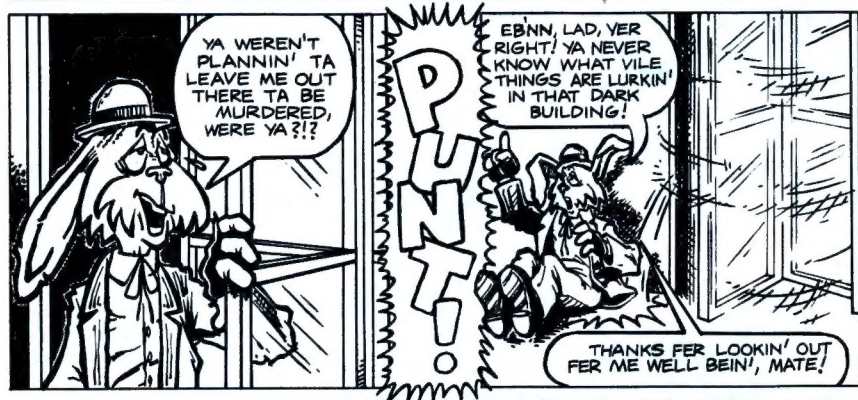
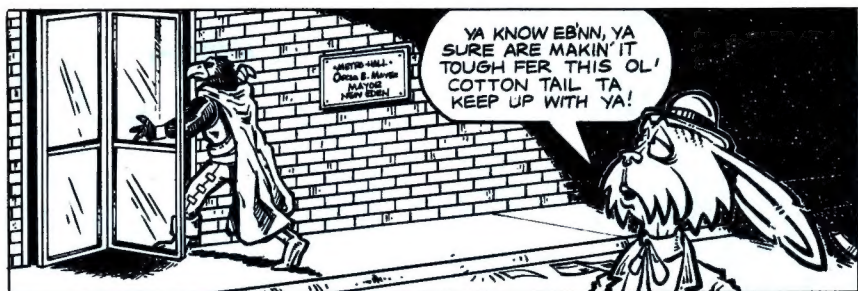


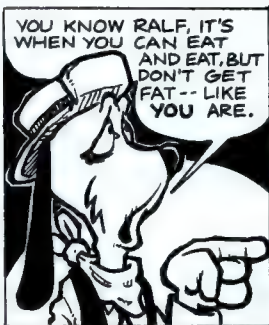
I REMEMBER
COMIN' HERE WHEN
YOU WERE STILL
IN TH' SHELL,
EBNN...

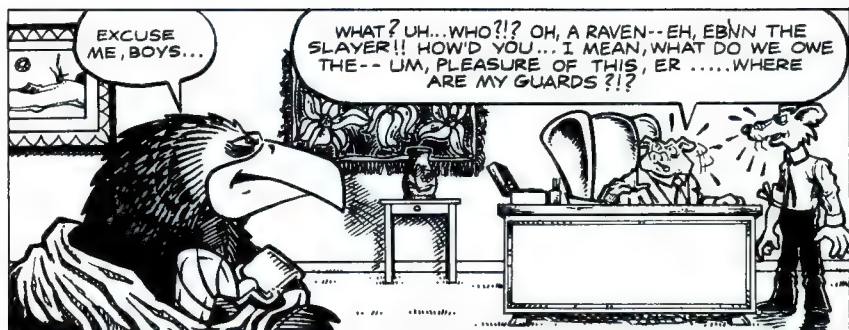


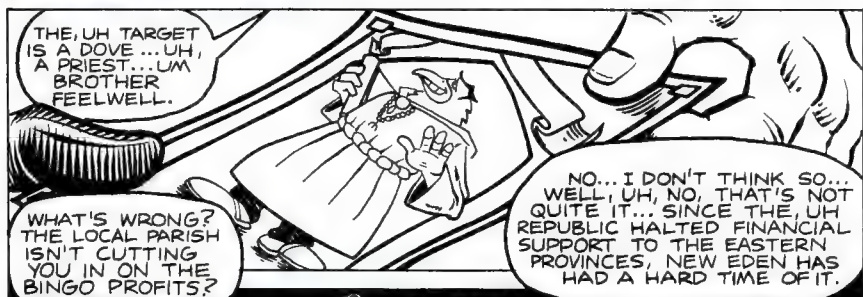
...BACK WHEN I
WAS ATTENDIN' THE
UNIVERSITY, ME AND
A FEW MATES PROTESTED
THE WAR IN FRONT OF
THE WORLD COUNCIL
BUILDING...

HEY! EBNN,
WHERE ARE YA GOIN'?!
7









PACKAGE THE CAMPAIGN
SPEECH, OSCAR, I'M NOT A
REGISTERED VOTER. LET'S DIS-
CUSS A SUBJECT OF A LITTLE
MORE INTREST.

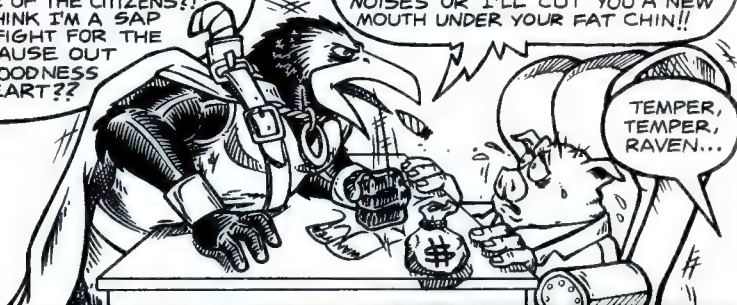


≡HACK≡ OH, UH... -COUGH-...
YES, THE... ER, PRICE... FROM
THE CITY MINT -KAF!KAF!- A
BAG OF GOLD...



GOLD! DO I LOOK LIKE A
HATCHLING!? DO YOU THINK I
BOUGHT THAT CRAP ABOUT
"WELFARE OF THE CITIZENS?!"
DO YOU THINK I'M A SAP
THAT'LL FIGHT FOR THE
"RIGHT" CAUSE OUT
OF THE GOODNESS
OF MY HEART??

I ONLY WASTE TIME ON SCUM LIKE
YOU FOR ONE THING, PROFIT! SO
START MAKING SOME VALUABLE
NOISES OR I'LL CUT YOU A NEW
MOUTH UNDER YOUR FAT CHIN!!



TEMPER,
TEMPER,
RAVEN...

... I'M SURE
YOU'LL AGREE
THIS IS MORE
WORTHY OF
YOUR SKILLS...

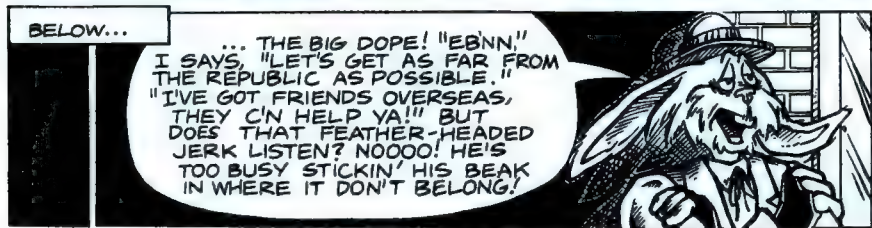
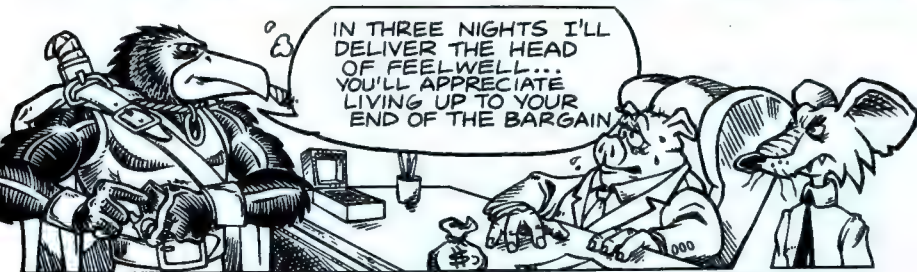
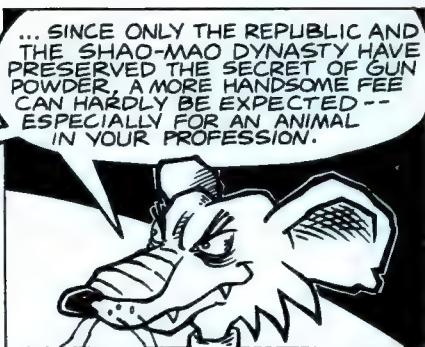


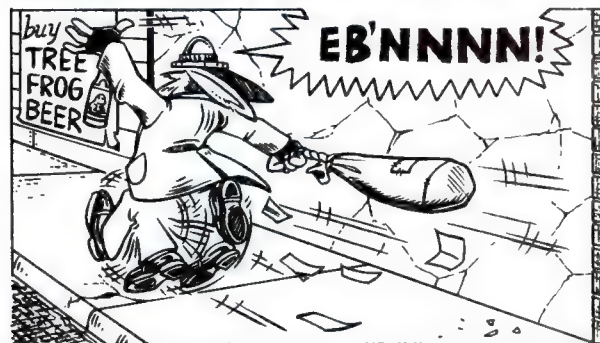
...INCLUDED IS ONE
BULLET FOR FEELWELL...

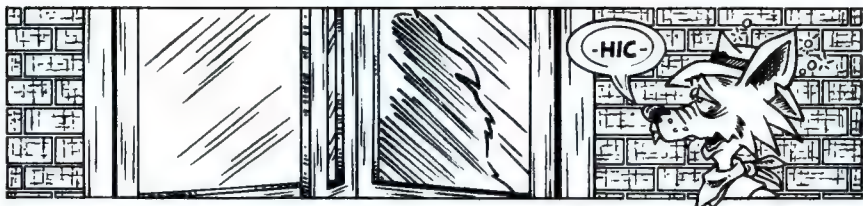


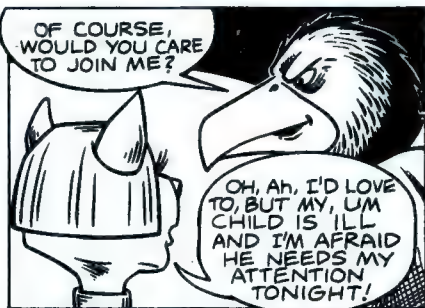
...AND A WHOLE BOX
OF AMMUNITION...
PENDING COMPLETION
OF OUR LITTLE
AGREEMENT.

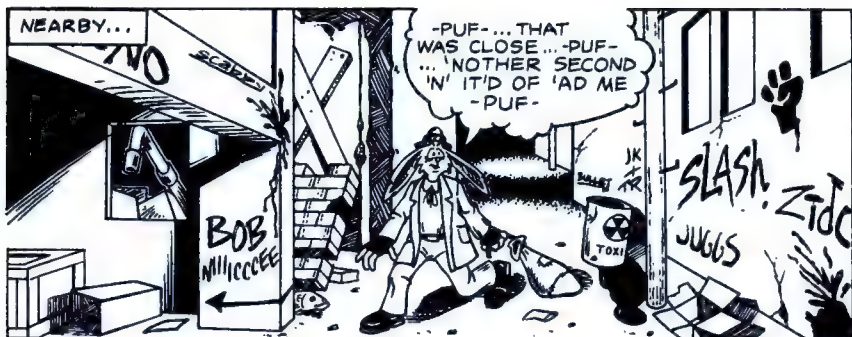


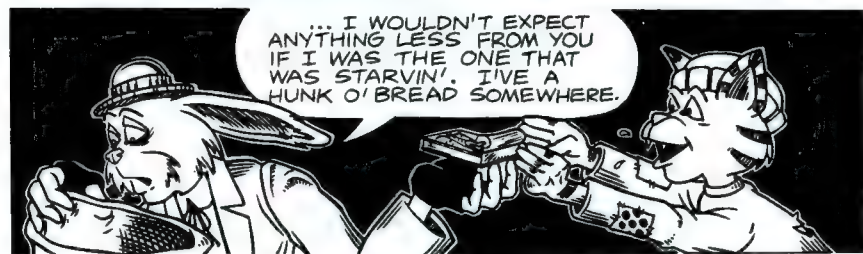


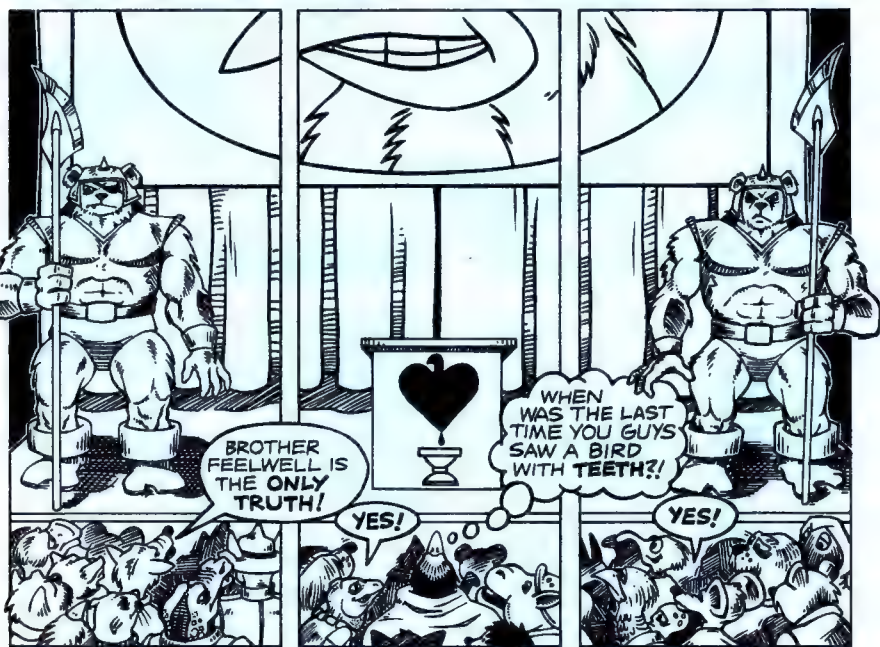


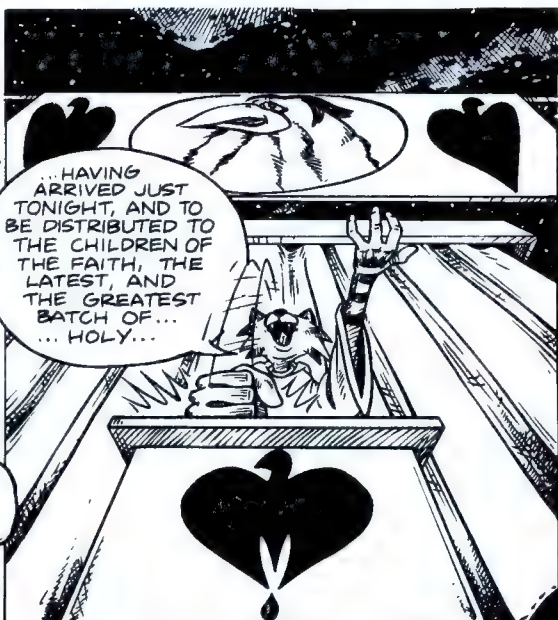
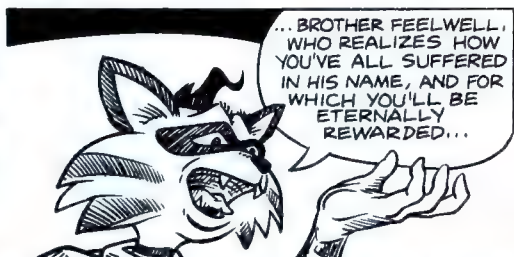








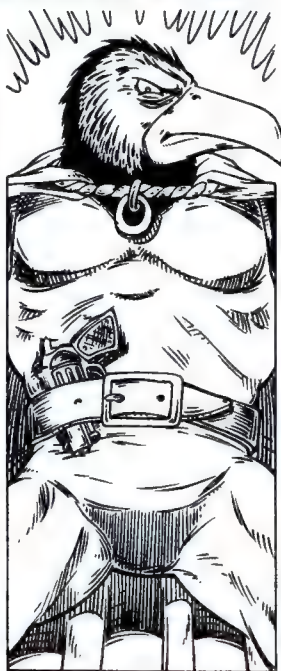
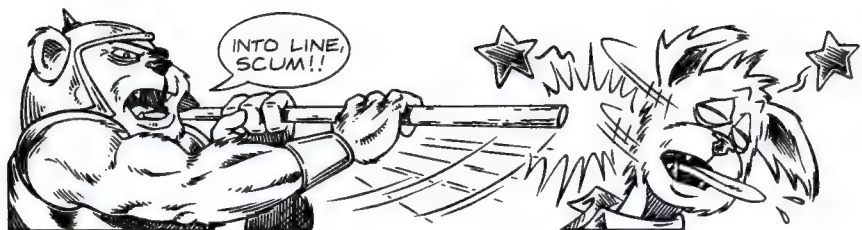


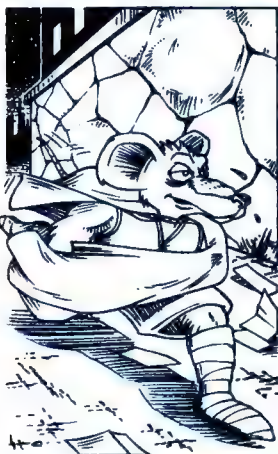
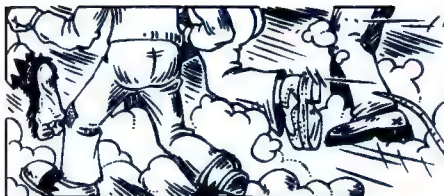


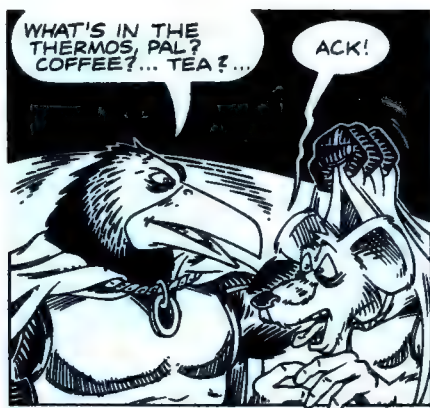


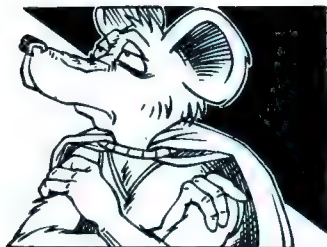
... SACRAMENT!











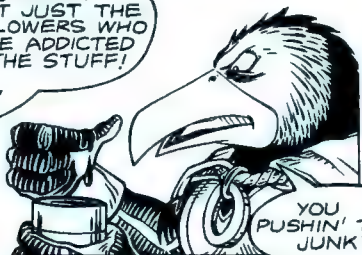
WHAT
DO
YOU
KNOW?



I KNOW I'M GOING TO REGRET THIS...
THEY GOT A NEW SHIPMENT, BIGGEST
I'VE EVER SEEN, IT'S STASHED IN
THE TEMPLE, IN A SECRET ROOM...
BEHIND A WALL PAINTING OF THE
BIG GUY...



YOU KNOW, IT
AIN'T JUST THE
FOLLOWERS WHO
ARE ADDICTED
TO THE STUFF!



YOU
PUSHIN' THIS
JUNK?

HEY, WE LIVE IN
A CAPITALISTIC
SOCIETY, SOME-
BODY'S GOT TO
SUPPLY THE
LAYANIMALS
WITH THEIR
NEEDS -

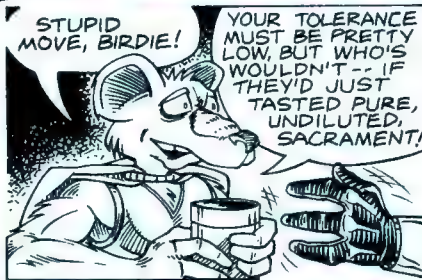


- OOPS!
SHOULDN'T
HAVE DONE
THAT, RAVEN!



STUPID
MOVE, BIRDIE!

YOUR TOLERANCE
MUST BE PRETTY
LOW, BUT WHO'S
WOULDN'T -- IF
THEY'D JUST
TASTED PURE,
UNDILUTED,
SACRAMENT!



HA! THE BIG, BAD,
BLACKBIRD'S AS
HELPLESS
AS A
HATCHLING!

POKE!



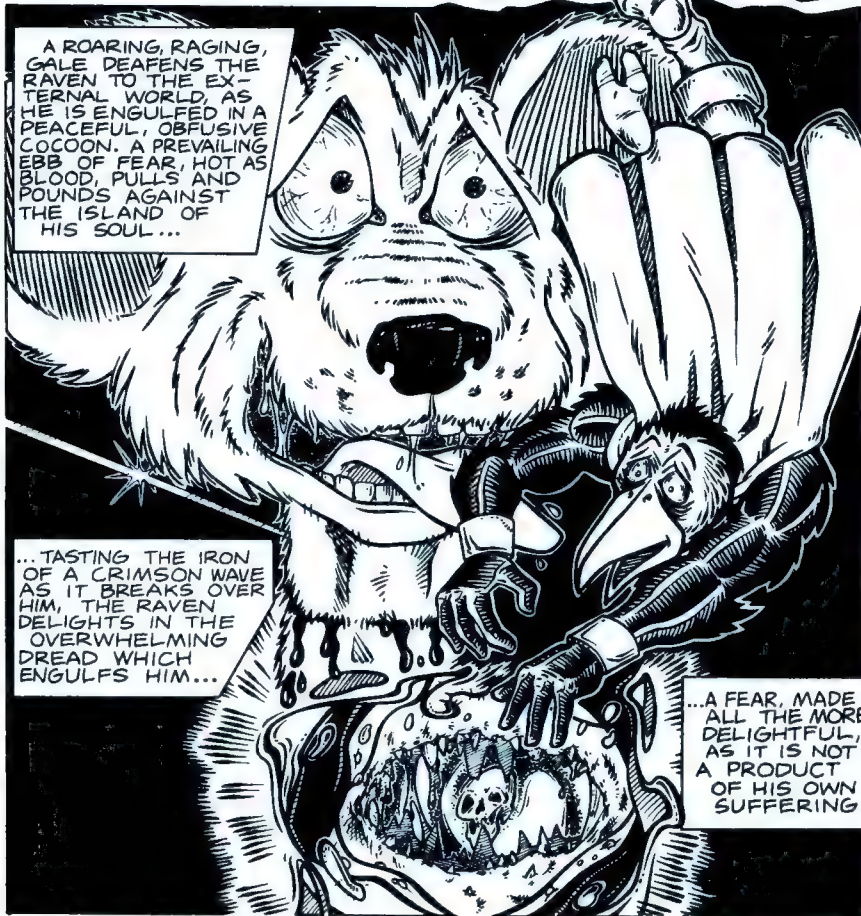
MAYBE I'LL USE THIS 'CANNON'
OF YOURS TO VENTILATE YOUR
HEAD, AND LET SOME OF THE
COBWEBS OUT...



... OR I COULD OPEN UP
YOUR WRISTS AND LET...
NO! WAIT! UGH... I WAS
GONNA... ULGLLG...



A ROARING, RAGING,
GALE DEAFENS THE
RAVEN TO THE EX-
TERNAL WORLD AS
HE IS ENGULFED IN A
PEACEFUL, OBFUSIVE
COOCOON. A PREVAILING
EBB OF FEAR, HOT AS
BLOOD, PULLS AND
POUNDS AGAINST
THE ISLAND OF
HIS SOUL...



... TASTING THE IRON
OF A CRIMSON WAVE
AS IT BREAKS OVER
HIM, THE RAVEN
DELIGHTS IN THE
OVERWHELMING
DREAD WHICH
ENGULFS HIM...

... A FEAR, MADE
ALL THE MORE
DELIGHTFUL,
AS IT IS NOT
A PRODUCT
OF HIS OWN
SUFFERING.

MEANWHILE...



MUCH LATER...

HOW LONG BEFORE
WE FIND MY MA? I'M TIRED
AND HUNGRY. DO YOU
GOT...

HAVE.

HAVE!
... ANY MORE
SARDINES??

NO
CURB
HER
TO
PAR

KID-SIGH-I'M NOT GOIN' TA
LEAD YUH ON ANY LONGER.
I THINK YER MA'S GONE,
SHE LEFT YA THIS COIN TA
TAKE CARE O' YERSELF WITH.

YOU SAID
SHE'D BE
BACK!

C'MON SON,
DON'T START
BAWLIN'. TIGERS
ARE SUPPOSED
TA BE TOUGH...
REMEMBER?
AW, DON'T CRY!

I'M NOT
-SNIFF-
CRYING.

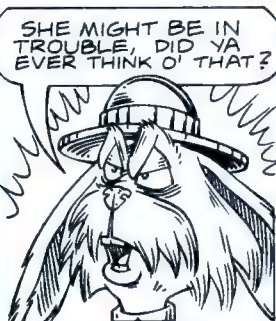
LOOK, I'D LIKE
TA HELP YA SON,
BUT...

I DON'T NEED YOUR
HELP OR ANYBODY
ELSE'S!!

I CAN SPARE YA
A CAN O' SARDINES

I'M A TIGER-SNIFF-
AN' TIGERS ARE
STRONG! I DON'T
NEED SARDINES OR
MONEY-SNIFF-...

... OR
NOTHIN'!!







I WAS ALMOST
MURDERED WHEN
YA LEFT ME...

YOU MEAN
THIS **BIG DUCK**
IS GONNA FIND
MY MA?



YER **BOTHERIN'** ME,
SON... AN' ANOTHER
THING, EBNN...



...WHILE I'M ON
THE SUBJECT...
EH...



...WHAT'S WRONG,
HAVE YOU BEEN
DRINKIN'?



I'D SURE LIKE A
SHOT O' WHATEVER
YA BEEN **SNORTIN'**.
WHAT SAY WE GO AN'
FIND OURSELVES A...



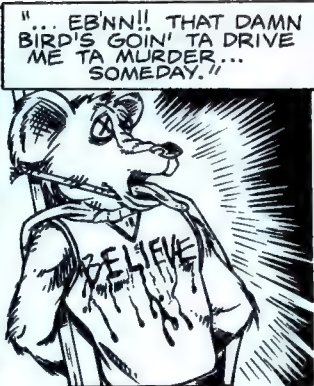
...WHAT'CHA
LOOKIN' FER, EBNN?
DID'JA LOOSE
SOMETHIN'?

HE'S **S'POSED**
TA BE LOOKIN'
FER MY MA!

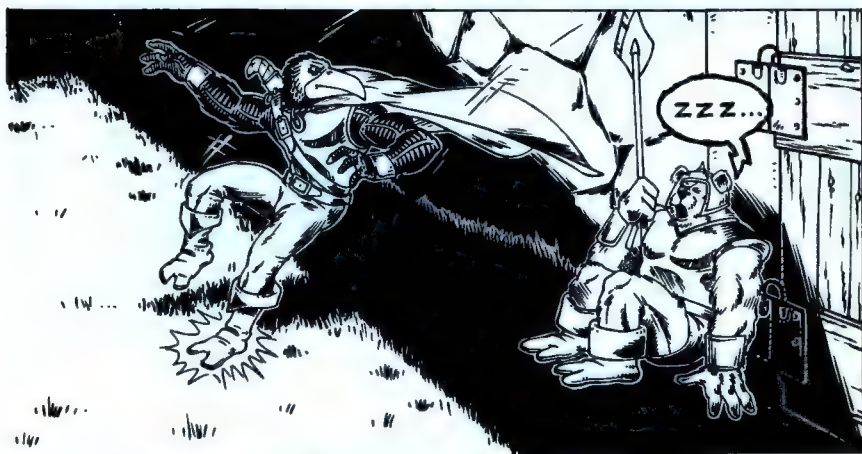


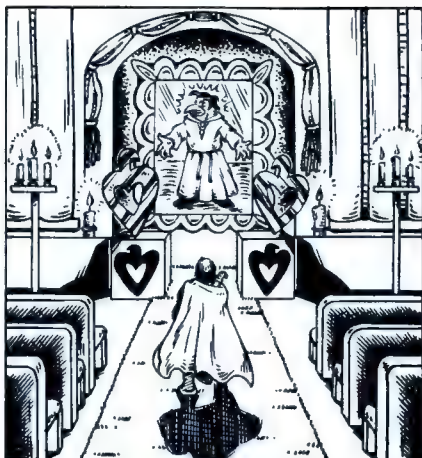
WHAT'S THIS
STUFF ON MY
PAWS.....**BLOOD!?**

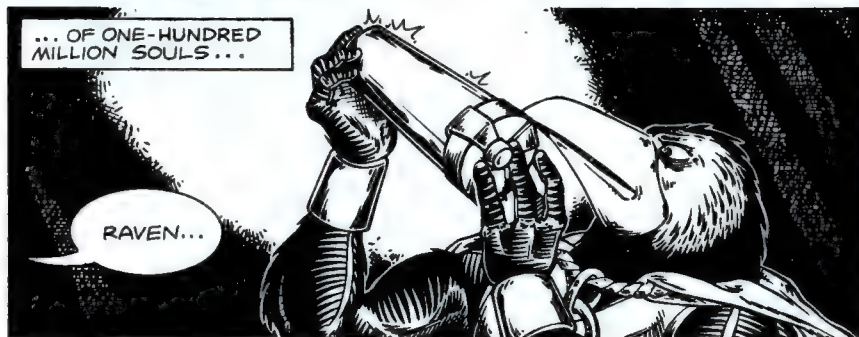
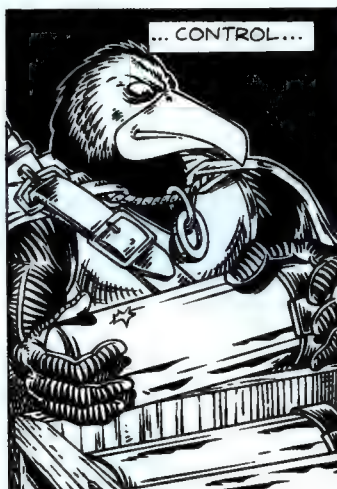
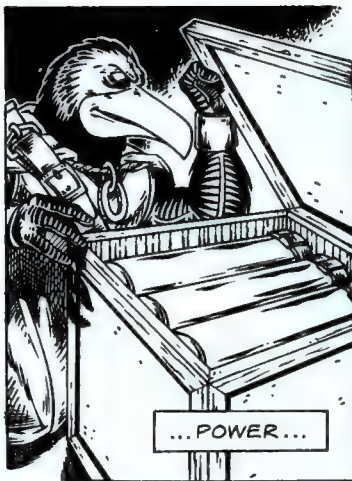
**-GUN-
GONE!**

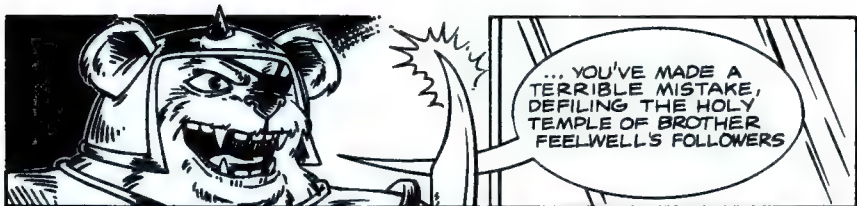


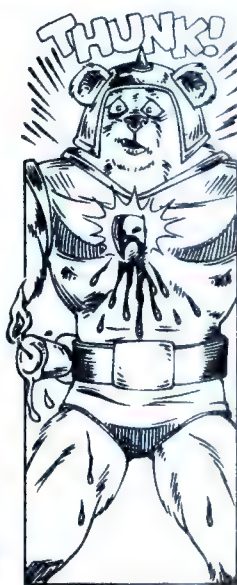
THE TEMPLE...

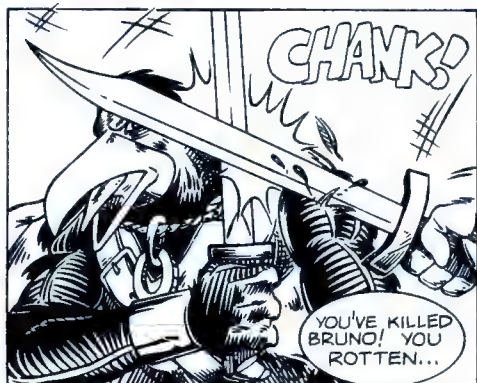






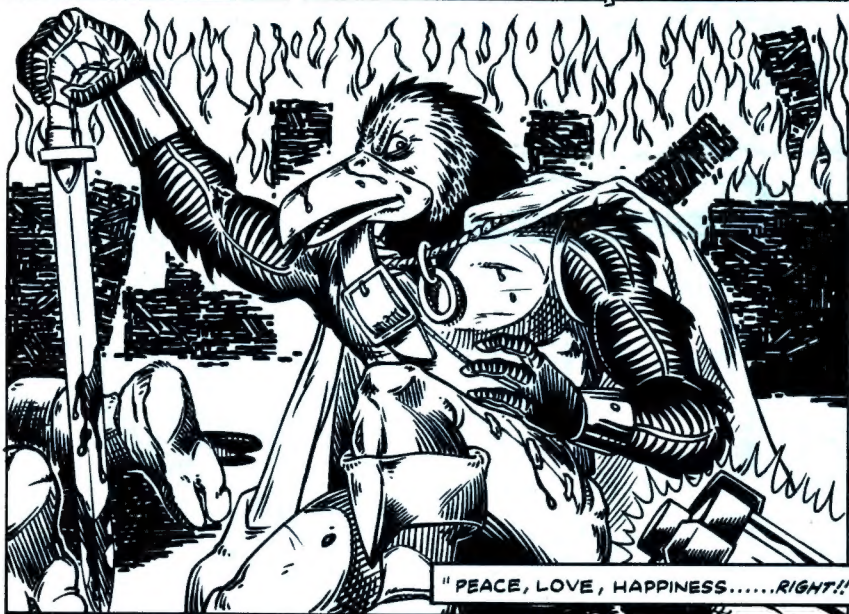






AS THE FIRE GROWS,
SO DOES THE RAVEN'S RAGE





NEXT-- CHAPTER TWO: "A FUNNY THING HAPPENED
ON THE WAY TO THE RALLY."

The animals run WILD...



...as **EBNN** plots his next move...



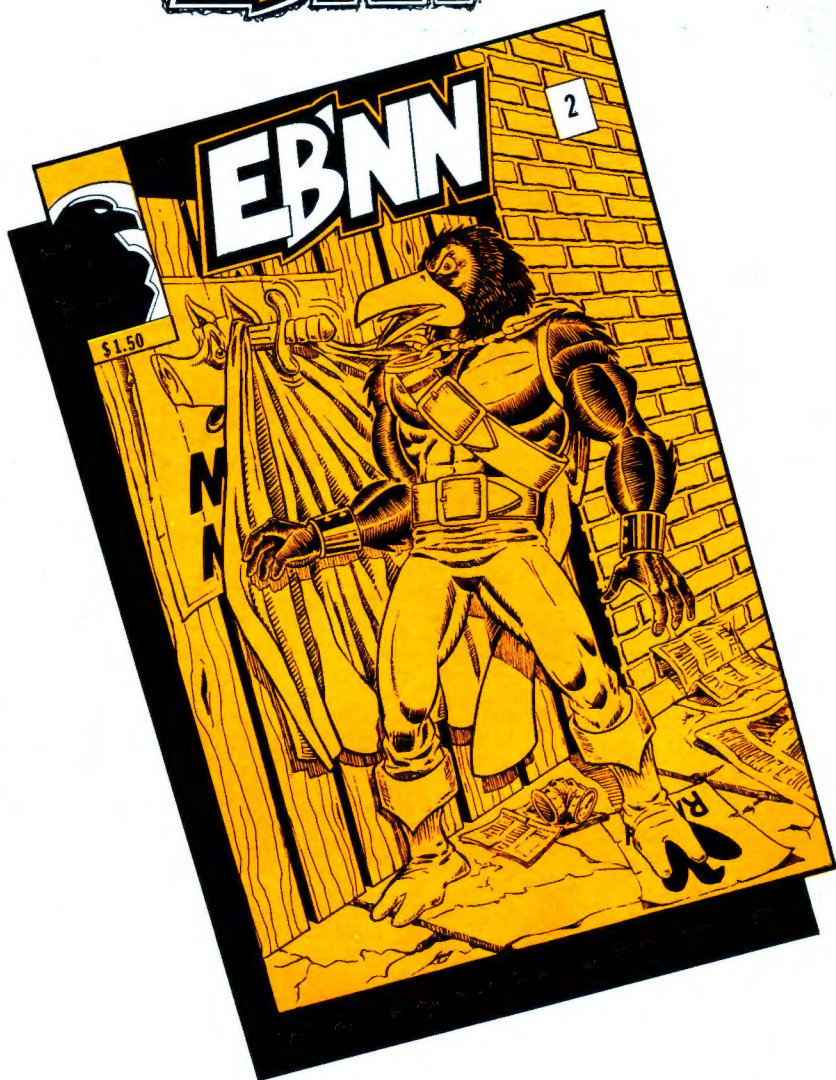
...in **EBNN** number two!

And introducing...



EBNN™

NO.
2



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only
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